The last
DISCOURSE
Betwixt Master *Abel* and Master *Richard Kilvers*, interrupted at the first by an ancient and angry Gentlewoman, who being her selfe unknowne unto the observer of this Conference, it was conceived by him afterwards to be a certaine friend of Mr *Abels*.

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A diſcourſe betwixt Mr. ABELL *and* Mr. RICHARD KILVERT.

Abel IT cannot be help'd now, Maſter *Kilvert.*

Gentlewo. It cannot bee help'd, marry'eene beſhrew your hearts for it, (I have overheard your conference) it is a fine paſſe I am brought too, is it not? Shall I who was companion for the beſt City Ladies, who had my coach and my horſes to carry me when and where I pleaſed, be contented now to ſit at the lower end of the table, as if I was little better forſooth then one of the ſcullery: muſt I in my old age carry this weary body now on my owne feete, if I meane to have it carried at all; muſt I indure that my velvet and my damaske Gownes ſhould bee diſwardrob'd into ſome red Petticoate or Waſtecoate, or ſome worſe Polony Jumpe; I marry! what will the people ſay? here is a fine jumpe indeed, from honour to infamy, from wealth to want, from bravery to rags. from——'

Abel Nay, prethee be quiet ſweet-heart, prethee Lady be not ſo intemperate!

Gentlewo. Sweet-heart me no ſweet-hearts, Lady

me no Ladies, I must forget all ceremonies and titles of honour, I, it is your ungovern'd thoughts that have distracted me to an ungovern'd tongue, you are a very, very honest man, are you not Master *Abel*? (she claps her hands at him.)

Kilvert. What strange inventions doe these women use to satisfie the malice of their spleene when their tongues begin to be weary, they will borrow new incouragement from their hands, and doe what they can to make them scold too?

Gentlewo. And safer too I wis, then to make their tongues the undoing of whole families by begging unjust Monopolies and Oinopolies, and I know not what inventions of infamy and ruine.

Kilvert. Sure this Gentlewomans braines begins to unsettle, advise her to goe in and to feede on warme things.

Gentlewo. Marry and I receive nothing but cold comfort from you, it would make a woman franticke indeed, to be serv'd as I am serv'd: but what is now become my Masters of your so deep, so subtile understandings? you that were two of the most cunning contrivers, of the most contriving Projectors, of the most projecting oppressors, what is now become of all your plots, of all your reache? if I had not rather choose two hogsheads for my Councellors, and safer, let mee never bee trusted more.

Abel. She had alwaies an high and perillous spirit, I pray beare with her Master *Kilvert*.

Gentlewo. A perillous spirit indeed, to be fool'd by your wisdomes, you are a paire of a perillous I know

know what; you dare not go into the Vintners cellars, for fear the hogsheads themselves in disdaine of that musty liquor which your tyrannies do inforce them to containe, and sensible of the injury, working altogether and framing to a revenge, should split their angry ribs against your guilty heads, and make you the examples of their justice before justice herselfe hath fully censured you.

Exit Gentlewoman.

Kilvert. Alas, poore Gentlewoman I am very sory for her! and in troth cannot much blame her passions.

Abel. She hath not that reason to grow so violent as she herselfe conceiveth, but I have the greatest afflictions that mankinde can be capable of, I am exposed to the hatred of all men, my estate quite lost, my friends and old acquaintance accusing me, my conscience tormenting me, and my selfe daily expecting when justce shall proceed against me.

Kilvert. And I am even Master *Abel* in the same pickle my selfe, but the people as I understand entertaine a great fear and a griefe for me, but marry what is it? their feare is that my punishment shall not be so great as my offences, and that is the reason of their griefe; whatsoever they wish to you it seemes they have a care of me I thank them.

Abel. I never sought after nor conspired against the life of any of them.

Kilver. But you have against the estates of many of them, and that is their livelihood, and so by consequence have wrought their ruine, and what is that, but whiles you bring them into penury and

want by a lingring and a more cruell execution, you are many yeares in killing them.

Abell. It is true indeed, too true Mr. *Kilvert*, but why did you not tell me this before?

Kilver. A more discerning eye then mine might be deceived in the foreseeing of the event of things especially in the Labyrinths and perplexed *Mazes* of State affaires, was I of intelligence with the Destinies to foresee the unanimity and intentions of this present Parliament, their strict resolves for the reformation of all abuses, the rise of Lincolne, and the fall of Canterbury, had not the Drummes of Scotland beat up their alarums in the Northerne Marches, had not their Trumpets sounded in the English eares, for any thing that I know there had beene neither so many Parlyes with them, nor a Parliament amongst our selves; but you and I might have lived secure enough, for who then in the hurry and confusion of those distracted times would have taken off our vaile of greatnesse to looke upon our vices: it is hard believe me, when the errours of private men are countenanced by the authority of great and reverend personages, to discerne the errours, as indeed they are, and to distinguish betwixt Vertue and Fortune.

Abell But have we no redresse, no hope of redresse at all (Mr. *Kilvert*) the Parliament I understand is mercifull and noble, what if we petitioned unto them?

Kilver. Tis right. but they are as just as they are mercifull, are you able to restore and make good whatso-

whatsoever wrongs you have done to those who have accused you, for my owne part, I know my owne inabilities.

Abell. Not I, not I, Mr. *Kilvert*, I am altogether unable to make them satisfaction, neither indeed am I very willing: besides, the small estate that I was master of, I have made over to my Heires.

Kilver. It is like to continue with them long, I have read χρήματα ἀνδρὸς ἄκλα βέβαια πόλλον ἀμείνω, and the experience of all Ages hath justified the Proverbe.

Abell. Master *Kilvert* you have a head that is well exercised in the Law, and have laid many projects to draw others into danger, cannot your wit finde one now to deliver your selfe indangered.

Kilver. What project meane you Mr. *Abell*, I will tell you, and doe you remember it in your day of triall, who dare wilfully, and with a prepared resolution transgresse the Law, dares undergoe any punishments that the Law can afflict; I have no other counsell to relieve you with at this present.

Abell. Will there no pitty bee extended to my aged head?

Kilver. Gray haird iniquity is the most odious, to abuse the goodnesse of so gracious a Prince, to impoverish, to oppresse his subjects, and that under the umbrage of Justice and Authority are no easie crimes, Master *Abell*, what did you tell mee of devices, and I know not what projects, which you

you were alwaies more ready to entertaine, then I to fancy, I would have you know, Mr. *Abell*. I defie the ſcandal and the imputation of the word.

Abell. Excuſe me Sir, I did not thinke to have ſo much moved your patience, I ſee then that I muſt altogether rely on the mercy of God, and of the Parliament. I perceive you are to mee like one of *Iobs* friends, but a miſerable comforter.

Kilver. Wee muſt arme our ſelves with *Iobs* patience, though we cannot with his innocence, and make our ſufferings examples unto times to come, that they dare no more with ſuch cloſe pretences as were ours, like ſo many pioners, ſeeke to undermine the courſes and the force of Juſtice; who repents him of his offence (they ſay) is almoſt innocent. As he was ſpeaking this, there came in one unto them, and told them that there was a company of ancient Gentlemen who deſired with ſpeede to have conference with them; who they were it is yet unknowne, but it appeared they were ſome Citizens who had beene abettors and complotters with them in the inhancement and ſophiſtication of the Wines; they whiſpered ſoftly amongſt themſelves, but becauſe they were altogether unknowne, having a deſire to doe nothing more then to informe the Reader with certainety and truth, both the perſons and their counſells are adjourned to a more cleer and a more full relation.

FINIS.